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Poetical.

[FOR THE TRUE AMERICAN.]

Work While the Day Lasts.

BY W. A. URQUHART.

Work while the day lasts, for the night cometh on—
The night cometh apace—when no work can be done.
With many 'tis now the close of the day,
And the messenger waiteth to bear them away.

Work while the day lasts—in earnest work on;
Your sun may go down, even while it is noon.
How stands your account with your Father's command—
'Go and work in my vineyard, no more idle stand!"

Work while the day lasts. The poor utter their cry,
Oppression and wrong raise their proud heads on high;
Macedonia's call cometh up o'er the land—
Look around you; there's work for your heart and hand.

Work weile the day lasts—strike for God and the right—
For the brothers now pining in Slavery's might;
Give to evil no court—no quarter to sin—
Fear not, for the Right shall eternally win.

Work while the day lasts. Then, when night cometh on,
You may peacefully slumber, your labors over;
Then shall come the glad message to welcome you home—
"Enter into my rest, and sit down on my throne.

The Widow's Flirtation.

[FROM THE BOSTON AMERICAN UNION]

NANNIE NIXON.

A "SURPRISE" STORY.

BY GAY SPANKER.

(Concluded.)

In the wildest and bleakest part of New Hampshire, shut out from the world by a chain of mountains which seemed impenetrable, was born, married, and still lived an eccentric aunt of pretty widow Nixon's. Hard, harsh, and exacting, a very tyrant in her family, she had made herself especially repulsive to the inhabitants of the neat little village lying just over the nearest mountain. Her creed was perpetual motion; her life had been one vast hurry, and her whole aim the accumulation of wealth, which was never to be made available.

Uneducated, impertinent, with all the worst qualities of her nature predominant, no wonder the respect due from children to their mother, was totally lacking here. Just fearful enough of her iron rule to be hypocritical, and just intelligent enough to know that their home was unlike the homes of other children, they made up by extra mischief, when out of their mother's sight, what they were obliged to restrain in her presence. As for her husband, hen-pecked Hall as he was called, only that he was nothing of a man to speak of, any how, and afraid to say his soul was his own, in the presence of his wife, he might have been a kindly, agreeable, respected neighbor.

It was a "dreadful sockdologer," as Mrs. Hall used the remark, when the news came that her niece Widow Nixon, had lost all her property, and was coming to stay a few months with her,

"My rich niece, Nannie Nixon," had been her hobby for years. "My rich niece, Nannie Nixon," had been thrown in her improvident husband's face, till he was sick of the name. Whenever she went to the village, which was seldom, every family upon whom she could find the smallest pretext to call, were duly regaled with the wonderful stories of "my rich niece, Nannie Nixon," and now the rich neice, had grown poor, and to crown all, had written to say that she should make it her home with her kind aunt, till some employment, suitable to her abilities, should turn up.

"Sich impedence!" flouted Mrs. Hall, when her oldest daughter, Mary Miranda, had finished reading the letter.

Mary Miranda, by-the-by, was her mother's idol and darling: the lady of the family. While the rest of the children were hurried and dragged from morning till night, she richly, but gaudily dressed, lounged the day through, in the parlor, reading highly colored, and meretricious novels, or indulging in the most glowing of day dreams, which were far enough from realization. Mary Miranda was a genius too, in her way, as many a poem in the Village Star could assert.—If she was not a belle, she believed herself to be one, and that was quite as satisfactory.

On her return from school, where she had passed three years, a thorough regeneration was effected in the old homestead. The old furniture, which had held its own for years, was sent to the village and sold at auction, while a new set of the most superb kind, took its place.

In vain her father stormed, and her mother protested. She knew they had the means of living like other people, and she was determined at least to do so herself. If she could not have things at home as they should be, there were other places where she could find them. What would the Squire's people say? This last was an unanswerable argument, and when at last the Squire's daughters, who had been her schoolmates, actually condescended to visit Mary Miranda, the proud mother could scarcely contain herself for joy.

From that day she became the oracle of the house. What she said, was law and gospel; what she wanted must be obtained at all hazards. Even her meals were selected with epicurian extravagance and set apart from the commoner fare of the family.

Of course, this state of things could not continue long without creating dissentions amongst other the children; but the fear of their mother's resentment restrained any open demonstration. Mary Miranda had her admirers too; some were really sincere in their admiration, others were tempted by a knowledge of her father's wealth.

Among them, the two most in favor, were a sturdy well-to-do farmer, whose broad acres lay just over the mountain, joining her father's; the other a handsome, insipid *elegante*, whom Mary Miranda had met at school, and who now obtained a comfortable living, sometimes by teaching music, sometimes French, to the children of the villagers.

The farmer was honest, hearty, and tough; his rival, smooth, peaceful and deferential; need I say which the lady favored? But parents have flinty hearts, and however much her mother might be disposed to humor and spoil her pet child, she had no notion of toiling all her days to enrich what her good sense taught her was an idler and a spendthrift. To all her daughter's pleading she was inexorable. She needn't marry the farmer if she didn't want to, but she shouldn't marry the teacher.

Mary Miranda dutifully hinted that she couldn't help herself, to which her mother replied she would help giving them any money, and that was all the lazy feller wanted.

Mrs. Hall and her daughter were in the midst of their first quarrel, when the wagon, which the widow Nixon had obtained at the village, drove up, containing herself and any amount of trunks and bandboxes. Mrs. Hall, angry with her from the first, was not greatly modified by the quarrel with her favorite daughter. She did not even offer to wait upon the door, but stood staring impudently at the open window.

"Who may this be, I wonder? 'Pears to me it's some great lady by the look," she said, loud enough to be heard by the visitor, but still no approach toward a welcome.

Widow Nixon bit her lip with anger, for poor or not poor, she remembered many acts of kindness bestowed upon the family of her distant aunt, and thought at least she was entitled to a welcome.

This was another lesson for her to treasure up. Mr. Hall seeing the wagon at the door, and guessing who had come, hastened out of the barn, and was soon cordially grasping the hands of his niece.

"Shut up, and clear out, will you?" screamed his amiable wife; "I guess I can take care of my *company!* (emphasizing the word) without any of *your* help. Come in, if you want ter. I suppose I've got ter do somethin' for yer. It's too plaguey bad, though, to have ter dig and dig ter support other folks, when folks has got folks enough of their own to take care of."

Widow Nixon followed the great, bony woman, with a feeling partly of amusement, partly of anger. She was already beginning to regret her mad scheme, and to think it were better not to have known by experience how much friendship was governed by money. And if William Earle *should* prove like all the rest! Only that she was determined to try him to the utmost, she would even then give it up, and come out her own natural self—"my niece, the rich widow Nixon;" for she saw at once the system of petty tyranny she would be subjected to for the few months she might remain in her uncle's house.

When once in doors, Mrs. Hall resumed:

"Wal, you've brought your pigs to a poor market, hain't yer? You must ha' been sick to lose all that money. Hadn't ye no eyes? As to sense you never did have any, and so I allers told sister Nancy."

"No use to cry for spilt milk aunty," replied the widow in her most cheerful tones.

"What's ter become of yer? You don't expect to play the fine lady here, I reckon! I don't suppose you could milk a cow now to save yourself?"

"I'm afraid not, aunt."

"Nor rake hay."

"I'm afraid not."

"Nor make butter or cheese."

"I'm afraid not."

Here Mary Miranda came in, and without even bowing, took a saucy and lingering inventory of her various articles of dress.

"Why, is it fashionable to wear them them brown linen things for dresses now?" she questioned.

"Not fashionable particulurly, but comfortable."

"Comfortable!" chimed in Mrs. Hall; "I hope you will be comfortable here—but you've got ter work, I can tell you.—We don't have no drones in this hive!"

Widow Nixon ventured to suggest that her appetite was pretty good just then.

"What no dinner? wal, there's the cupboard. Our dinner's over long ago. If there's any thing there you are welcome to it, but we don't have no piece mealin' about this house. I ain't stingy, but I don't believe there's any more bread than the boys'll need for their supper."

Of course the widow's appetite vanished at once.

"I don't know where in the land I'm going to stow them duds of yourn."

"Why not send them to my room?" asked the widow.

"Your room! I hope you don't expect a whole room all to yourself?"

"Never mind, ma—let her have the back bed room."

Visions of nice dresses, costly laces, and fashionable jewelry, were already gleaming before the selfish eyes of Mary Miranda, and she determined to make her cousin's stay as pleasant as possible—a determination which was blighted in the bud, upon the first appearance of her lover.

Noel Walker, Esq., was evidently struck by the beauty of the pretty widow.

The tea bell had rung—for since Mary Miranda's return a tea bell had been introduced to the old farm house—and still the perplexed and almost angry widow widow lingered among the dresses, laces, etc., etc., which she was laying from her over-crowded trunks. There was a primitive closet in her room, with big drawers and plenty of nails, wherein she was in the act of bestowing her wardrobe, when the door opened unceremoniously, and a tangle-haired, slip-shod girl came into the room.

"Miss Hall says, be ye comin' down to supper? if you be, you'd better be quick about it, and not keep 'em waiting all night. They'll wait, they will—a parcel o' hogs! Don't think t'I belong to any on 'em; my name's Susan Decker. You'll wonder to see me here.—They think they are great shakes, especially that Mary Miranda; but if I wan't more genteeler nor she is, I'd never say beans agin. My dad was a lawyer, and my grand-sire one of them Independencers. O, you will open your eyes to see me amongst sich a set, I tell you! But you'd better come, for Miss Hall's hoppin'."

Widow Nixon looked aghast. The girl had run on so fast, that she had not had time to stop her if she would, and her amazement was so great, that she couldn't if she had tried. Catching a sight of the widow's fine dresses, the girl dropped on her knees at the trunk.

"Wal, I swow-to-swicker-to-swum, if you hain't a good tuck-out I wouldn't say so! Why, Mary Mirandy can't hold a candle to you, and they think she's pumpkins."

"Sally!" (from below.)

"Comin! Old catamaran! she's allers yelpin'."

"You had batter go; I'll be down in a moment."

"You needn't be so pudgeky; I shan't eat your things, if I stay here while your gone, I guess."

The widow looked at her dirty hands and her own tempting looking laces, and felt rather dudious about leaving her alone with them; however making a virtue of necessity, she cautioned her not to meddle with them, and departed for supper.

On her return, she found the delectable miss practicing before the glass, arrayed in her best bonnet, lace scarf, and brocade skirt. The scene was so ludicrous, that instead of being angry, she sat down upon the floor, and laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

At that moment, the shrill voice of Mrs. Hall summoned the servant, in no measured terms. Half an hour had hardly elapsed, before Susan Decker returned, more inquisitive than ever.

"O, what a beautiful ribbin!" she exclaimed, dragging one from the trunk; "if there is one thing more'n another I do admire, it is ribbins. If I only had one like that, I should be the happiest critter in the world."

The widow thought if happiness could be purchased so easily, she would be wrong to withold it, and so Susan was made perfectly happy.

"Sakes! do look at that dress! I'm a coon if it don't stand alone. (The widow began to think she was a coon, any how.) Why, the squire's gals hain't got nothin' like that; won't they hate you!—Couldn't give me that, I suppose, could ye? You might, and never miss it, you've got so many."

"No, Susan," replied the widow, with great gravity; "it is not suitable for you."

"Wal then, this chally thing—couldn't let me have that, mebby? I shall wan't somethin' to show off with that ribbin."

For peace sake, and curious to see how far she would go, the widow gave it her.

Then Susan spied a collar, in the possession of which was to lay perfect happiness, than a black silk apron, then a pair of boots, that she couldn't have got two toes in; and then—

"O, what a beautiful watch! O, what wouldn't I give for it! If you'll only give me that, I'll tell you every word that Miss Hall's been sayin' about you—I don't care if she shakes the life out of me O, do now! you've got another, and it would make me the happiest critter on the earth."

"Well, go get a light, and I'll see."

"A light?"

"Yes, a lamp."

"A lamp! catch a weazle asleep. I wish you may get one; nobody has any lamps here but Mary Miranda."

The widow did get her lamp though, and by her gentle, kindly ways, soon became a great favorite with the family, her aunt included. Every one saw the change and felt it; but they did not at first realize the influence of a gentle, kinkly word, a sunny smile, and a temper of perpetual sweetness.

Mary Miranda was the last one to surrender. She could not forget that the pretty widow encouraged the attention of her retrograde lover, even though she had rejected him with scorn, when his proposal came. Aunt Hall saw through the manœuvre, and although she said nothing, she blessed her from her heart.

It was not many weeks before William Earle traced his mistress to her hiding-place. In fact, I do not think she tried very hard to prevent his finding her, but to all his protestations and pleadings, her answers were—

"I am too poor; I shall never marry again."

And how pretty she looked, tripping round the house, a plain dress and calico apron her only adornment. And how many times William Earle wished, as he watched her fairy figure, that some one would rob him of all his property, leaving him just enough to buy a cozy little farm, whereon he could take her.

He knew she loved him—was sure of it, only that provoking pride. How could she allow her husband to take her back again into a society whose friendship were founded upon wealth? It was too bad, but he must be patient.

The village near where the widow resided, was one of the prettiest and most romantic in the State. The situation was healthful, the people intelligent, and the facilities for happiness and enjoyment uncommonly great.

About the time that Widow Nixon came to reside with her aunt, a very wealthy southern lady, noted for her hospitalities, purchased a property on the outskirts of the village, known as the "Mondic Hill Cottage." Carpenters, painters, and artists of all kinds, had been at work upon it for months, and now that it was prepared and ready for occupancy, cards had been distributed, and all the eligible parties in the village invited to welcome its mistress.

The family of Mr. Hall, together with Widow Nixon and Mr. Earle—though how the strange lady knew there was a Mr. Earle was a mystery—were not forgotten. The widow at first refused point blank; then at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Earle, promised to go, if she might do so, in her plain dress. To this he had not the smallest objection, all he wanted of her was to go! such an excitement as there was on the evening specified.—The rooms were filled to repletion, when the family from over the mountains, as they were called, arrived. Few had ever seen the widow, as she seldom visited, and as she was too pretty to be popular, less seemed inclined to cultivate her friendship. It was growing quite late in the evening, and still the hostess delayed her appearance. What had become of Widow Nixon too? William Earle rushed from to room, filled with a vague apprehension of, he knew not what, when a strain of music filled the room with melody, a fresh flood of light seemed pouring from the chandaliers, the folding doors flew open as if by magic, and Widow Nixon, gorgeous with silks and diamonds came gracefully forward to welcome her guests. It was worth a little life time she said, to witness the consternation depicted upon the countenances of those who had slighted her.

"Town or city," she whispered.—There's not much to choose. In the city those who know you in prosperity, snub you when yon are in adversity; and in the town, those who know you in adversity are equally desirous of glorifying you in prosperity."

"But *you* dearest—you never were in adversity after all."

"I might have been. I am not sorry for the experiment. I shall be less exacting hereafter, and I trust, more charitable and thoughtful towards those who do meet with misfortune."

"But you have learned one thing—"

"Well what," just as if she didn't know;

"You have learned that my love for you was founded upon some thing stronger that money bags."

Another week saw another surprise party in the village. A double wedding came off in the cottage on the hill, to which all the village was once more invited, and long after it ceased to be the town talk, people were won't to say they never saw a prettier couple than William Earle, and Nannie Nixon, or a happier one than Farmer Wayland and Mary Miranda Hall.

N. B. Susas Decker now lives with Mr. and Mrs. Earle, and from all appearances has become that enviable person—"the happiest critter in the world."

Interesting Miscellany.

How Major Andre met his Fate.

Although Andre's request as to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject; no answer, therefore, was returned to his note. On the morning of the 2d he maintained a calm demeanor, though all round him were gloomy and silent. He even rebuked his servant for shedding tears.—Having breakfasted, he dressed with care in the full uniform of a British officers which he had sent for to New York, placed his hat upon the table, and accosting the officers on guard, "I am ready," said he, "at any moment, gentlemen, to to wait upon you." He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentleman whom he knew. Col. Talmadge accompanied him, and we quote his words: "When he came within sight of the gibbet he appeared to be startled, and inquired with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot? Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, "How hard is my fate!" but immediately added, "it will soon be over." I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired.

While waiting near the gallows until preparations were made, says another authority, who was present, he evinced some nervousness, putting his foot on a stone and rolling it, and making an effort to swallow, as if checking an hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon, appeared to shrink for an instant, but recovered himself, exclaiming, "It will be but a momentary pang." Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he drew out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Col. Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. His only reply was, "I pray you to be witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him and left him suspended. He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which a death like stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude. His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution; whence they were transferred to England in 1821, by the British Consul then resident in New York, and were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the mural monument which had been erected to his memory.—[Irvings Life of George Washington.

RICHES OF DELHI.—Regarding the plunder in Delhi, a letter from an English soldier says—

"For a description of the riches of Delhi, my pen is inadequate. Cashmere shawls, inlaid with gold, bodices covered with gold lace, skirts of dresses, watches bars of gold, beds of silk and down, such as no nobleman's house in England could produce—you would see Sikhs carrying out of Delhi the first day, as if they were almost nothing. A shawl which in England would fetch £100 they were selling for four rupees, and you may depend our fellows are not behind them. It is supposed the Rifles will go to England with upwards of £1000 each, though General Wilson has issued an order that the prizes shall all be put together, and divided.—Most of our men are worth upwards of 100 rupees."

☞ A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Deacon Thrope's Pigeons.

Several years ago, when the masts and crops in some of the western States were about to be destroyed by the large number of wild pigeons that came about, Deacon Thrope, and several of his friends were sitting outside the log meeting-house one Sunday morning, waiting for the minister to arrive, and, as a matter of course, talking about the prospects of having "nothing to feed on" through the coming winter.

"It's orful!" said one of the company; "I never seen the pigeons so thick afore. My Bill and Ben went down to the roost last night, and killed a bagfull, with clubs. I think they'll take all my corn."

"O, yes, it's orful," replied the other.

"That's nothing to what me and my Felix Joshua did, day afore yesterday," said the deacon. "You know my bottom field there? Well, they come in so thick you couldn't see the ground. I went down to scare 'em out, and, peradventure, they riz up like a cloud; you couldn't see the sky for 'em. I hollered, and slapped my hands, and tore around till I was all wearied out, but it did no good. They just swarmed around over my head; and as fast as I went to one side of the field, they began to pour down in t'other.

"Felix Joshua had just got up to the crib with a load of corn, for he was a gathering the ridge field, and I went to whar he was, and told him to go to the house and get his shot gun, and my shot gun, and see if we couldn't drive them 'ar pigeons out'n the bottom field. So he goes and gets his shot gun, and my shot gun, and we goes down.

"He slipt along on one side of the field, and I slipt along on t'other, till we got about middle ways, and then I gin a holler, and up they flew like a whirlagust. I blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and what do you think? They were all gone in a second. Then me and Felix Josha, we clim over the fence, and says he to me, "Father this beats all creation!"—Says I to him, "go fetch the steers and wagon," and upon my honor, we picked up ten bushels!"

The good brothers stared wildly around them, and would probably have accused their deacon of lying, had they not been interrupted by the arrival of the preacher, and the announcement that "meeting was going to begin."

After the services were over, little groups of the faithful might have been seen here and there, engaged in earnest conversation. Their subject was an exciting one, as you might have inferred from the length of their faces, and the earnestness of their gestures. If you had listened to their conversation, you might have heard something about as follows:

"Did you hear what brother Thrope said 'bout him and his Felix killing ten bushels of pigeons at one shot?"

"Yes, it's orful, ain't it?"

"It's a lie, as sure as shootin,' I don't know what's got into brother Thrope."

"What'll he done about it? It musn't go so—it'll ruin the name of the church."

"We'd better fetch it up next meetin', and make him take it back, or church him."

And so it would go on. Of course the good deacon heard a whisper of it, which gave him no little uneasiness. However he had been in several scrapes before, and had come out clear, and he doubted not he should meet with the same good luck on this occasion.

Until the next meeting-day arrived, the entire settlement was in an uproar.—Nothing was talked of but Deacon Thrope's ten bushels of pigeons. The good brothers said it was too bad to have the church disgraced by a deacon who would tell such unreasonable tales; while the pious old sisters wiped their spectacles, sighed, and said, "It is hard telling the power which the Evil One exerteth."

At last the exciting day arrived. The preacher stated that the church was ready for the transaction of business; whereupon brother Fingle arose, and said:

"Brother Deacon Thrope says him and his Felix Joshua killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot. The church don't believe it, and would love to hear what the brother has to say for himself."

With much solemnity the deacon arose, and after casting a serious look over the congregation, and elevating his eyes to the rafters a few times, spoke as follows:

"My brethering, there is a sad mistake out—I didn't say we killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot, but—"

"What did you say, then!" interrupted one of the brothers, who was present when the deacon first told about his pigeons. "Didn't you say you and your Felix Joshua both blazed away?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say you both climbed over the fence?"

"Yes, peradventure."

"Didn't you say that Felix Joshua said, This beats all creation?"

"I did, brother."

"Didn't you say that Felix Joshua fetched the steers and wagon, and you picked up ten bushels of pigeons?"

"There is the mistake, my brother," replied the deacon, again raising his eyes towards the rafters. "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons. Brother Fingle is mistaken; I said—"

"Yes, I know what you said!" interrupted several; "you did say it, and we can prove it easy enough! You can't coma that game over us, old hoss fly."

"Order, brethring," said the minister, "let's hear Brother Thrope's story, and then you can make any remarks you may wish."

"Well, as I was sayin'," resumed the deacon, "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons—Brother Fingle is mistaken—I said we picked up ten bushels—meaning corn—that the pigeons had shattered off."

"Amen!" went up from the congregation, and a rush was made at deacon Thrope to shake him by the hand. It is needless to say he was restored to full fellowship and confidence.

A Rich Drinker.

I knew a man (says the Rev. Mr. Wiseman, in an article in the British Workman) who was formerly an industrious workman, enjoying moderate prosperity in his business. At about forty years of age he came into possession of a large property, and immediately gave up business, intending not only to enjoy himself with his newly acquired riches, but to do good to his neighbors. He was office bearer in a Christian Church. His house was hospitably open; he gave sumptuous dinners, and fell into the snare of being a connoisseur of wine. Rich and rare were the wines he set before his guests. Having nothing to do, the habit of drinking grew more and more upon him, until in ten years he had thrown off all appearances of religion and became a periodical drunkard! He would be intoxicated incessantly day and night, for two or three weeks together—the latter part of the time lying in bed altogether, until nature could bear no more. He became very ill, and the medical man was called in. The process of cure lasted a fortnight or more after which he would keep perfectly sober for perhaps two months, and then begin another drinking bout, "devouring his living with harlots," and breaking his wife's heart. Again and again was he remonstrated with, by ministers and friends, and relatives but in vain; in vain did his friends agree among themselves, for example's sake, never to taste intoxicating drinks in his presence. He would bear to be talked to when sober, but all seemed in vain: and once, when a friend was reasoning with him, he exclaimed, while tears ran down his cheeks:

"Sir, whenever the fit comes on, if a glass of brandy was standing on that table and a voice from Heaven were to call out to me, 'If you drink that brandy, in five minutes you will be in hell,' I know well I should risk the punishment and drink the brandy."

The periodical drinker is the most unmanageable of all drinkers. In a late number of the Quarterly Medical Journal, a physician, writing medically on this subject, says, that in all his experience he never knew a periodical drunkard cured. Thank God the experience of some of us differs from his; yet it is full of salutary warning to all, rich or poor, who feel inclinations of this kind coming upon them at intervals.

☞ A frolicsome youth who had been riding out on approaching Merton college, which he had never before visited, alighted, and put his horse into a field thereunto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse in there, as he did not belong to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of his warning, and the master of the college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. "Say you so!" said the wag. "Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears." The servant returning, told his master what he had said. Whereupon he was sent to bring the person to him, who appearing, the master said, "How now, sir, what mean you by the menace you sent me?" The other replied, "Sir I threatened you not, for I only said, if you cut off my horse's TAIL I would cut off his EARS."

THE VISION OF GOD.—If the vision of God constitutes the blessedness of the future world, then they whose spiritual eye is most enlightened, will drink in most of his glory; then, since only like, can know like all advances which are here made in humility, in holiness, in love, are a polishing of the mirror, that it may reflect more distinctly the divine image; a purging of the eye that it may see more clearly the divine glory; and enlarging of the vessel that it may receive more amply of the divine fulness.

Law runs strongly to petrifications.—Make a man District Attorney, and his heart will become two thirds stone before he gets half through with his first murder case.